

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HOLIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Bloomfield Record.
A LIVE
Local Newspaper.

Only \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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GENERAL NEWS,
CHOICE LITERATURE,
HOME CULTURE AND IMPROVEMENT.

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in Bloomfield, and is unquestionably THE Paper of
THE PEOPLE.

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Repairing of all kinds attended to with neatness
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SAMUEL CARL,
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Keeps constantly on hand
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE
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All orders promptly executed.

CONRAD REISS,
MANUFACTURER OF
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ALSO DEALER IN
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Opposite Archdeacon's Hotel,
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Orders punctually attended to, at the shortest notice

P. HENN,
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WASHINGTON AVENUE,
Between Archdeacon's Hotel and Baptist Church,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Custom Work carefully attended to.

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All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.
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SHOP ON ARTMAN STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Opposite the Railroad Depot.
STAIR-BUILDING, Pattern Making, &c. Jobbing of all
kinds. Neatly Done and Promptly Attended to.

ON THE ROAD.
Tinkle, jingle, chingle, dash!
Soon this sleigh will be a mash.
Oh, what bliss! this holding rein,
Nerve and muscle, stretch and strain.
"Clear the track!" "Look out, you boy!"
"Mind your eye there! slip away!"
Nipping cold! but chingle, jingle.
How the bells and voices mingle—
Duchess, beauty, keep the road,
Just behind a jolly load.
Fun and frolic, frizzes, curls!
Four bewitching, lovely girls!
"Try your mettle! show your style!"
Beat them now within a mile.
How they come! Now, now's your chance—
(Tut, tut, tut!) don't stop to praise;
Close upon us! How we fly!
Are we treading earth or sky?
Where these clouds, and in this space?
Whence that snow that hit my face?
Am I sitting in my seat?
Or on my head and where my feet?
A length! a length ahead my girl!
(Fairly makes my straight hair curl.)
And my nose begins to tingle
Throbbing time to sleigh-bell jingle,
Side by side! Ye gods assist!
Pegasus never flew like this!
Snow and ice and hail and earth,
Battling round in crystal mirth.
Hold your own now! dare not finish!
For your life don't yield an inch!
E'en that battery of eyes
Must not, shall not win the prize.
Steady now, my beauty—steady!
Don't advance before we're ready.
Hold a moment! there's a curve;
Keep your spirit in reserve;
Take the outside track, and when
Curbs and Frizzes skim the bend,
Jingle, chingle, whizz—and—dash!
Head to head again—or—Crash!
Rippling rounds of liquid laughter
Bubbling, breaking, fast and faster—
Brown and blue eyes look—glance—
Curbs and colors dash—defiance.
Fly my Duchess! show them whether
Horses trot for aye together.
Hal—the bend—well done, my beauty!
Never knew you shrink your duty.
Neat and close and to the letter;
Never curve was made so better.
Out ahead! and witching girls
Left behind to grief and curls.
Hands and ribbons stiff and stark—
What's the odds? we're on a lark.
Think I'll look around and see
If the bow was meant for me;
Then my Duchess, for a feast—
An inward "for man and beast."
Would not change my frozen nose,
Ears and cheeks, and tingling toes,
Nor Sir Jack's emphatic nippers,
For a world of goose and slippers!
O ye days of joy and pleasure!
O ye hours of languid leisure!
Dancing! boating! sporting! Maying!
Change ye all for one day's sleighing!

VARIETIES.
In Carthage, Ill., boys under the age of
16 are by a city ordinance recently passed,
prohibited from chewing tobacco.
The Arcadian: Why it is impossible to
have the last word with a chemist? Because
he always has a retort.
Perseverance isn't always rewarded. In
Indiana, lately, 20 men handled 35 cords
of wood to get at a rabbit, which escaped
after all.
During a revival at Green Bay, a citizen
is reported to have arisen and asked to be
forgotten for having been a subscriber to the
Chicago Times for nineteen years.
A Vermont man mortgaged his farm for
\$800, and invested it all in a lottery, which
returned him \$30 and a brass watch. Then
he wound up his career by lying down in
front of a buzz-saw.
As Packer, the twenty-five millionnaire
of Pennsylvania, began life as a canal driver
without a penny. And if he had only
kept on driving a canal-boat he might have
been without a penny to-day.
"Would that I could call her mine!" ex-
claimed the hopeless suitors for the hand of
Lady Caroline Guest, of England, who has
an annual income of a million and a half
dollars from her coal mine in Wales.
An exchange refers to a young man who,
having just returned from a sequestered
village to the city declared that it was so
stilled at night in the country tavern where he
lodged that he could hear a bed tickle.
A man and wife in Penobscot, Me. died
suddenly after eating a dinner of vegetables
boiled in a kettle. The pan which covered
the kettle had been used in mixing meal
and arsenic for crows, and had not been so
thoroughly cleansed out but that a deadly
quantity of the poison was dislodged by the
steam.
A California editor tantalizes his half-
frozen brethren of the North by writing up
"the bright warm sun, which is now shining
through our office window, which vivifies
dormant nature and makes germination pro-
ceed apace, as though it were balmy spring
through field and grove and thorny brake."
When a clergyman of the Church of Eng-
land was about to give a dinner to some of
his clerical brethren his butler asked whether
the expected guests were High Church or
Low Church. His master said: "Why
do you ask that question?" The butler
answered: Because if they be High Church
we want more wine; but if they be Low
Church we want more wittles."
In Greenbush, N. Y., a church stands
close to the track of the Hudson River Rail-
road. The pastor's voice was drowned in a
prayer by a prolonged screech of a locomotive
whistle. When he could be heard again
he was praying that Vanderbilt might be
converted, so that the sinfulness of running
trains on Sunday might be impressed upon
him.
Miss Frank Pottle, a school teacher in
Fryeburg, Me., was brought before a Jus-
tice of the Peace for whipping one of her
scholars. Miss Pottle's weight seemed to
be about ninety pounds, and her muscles
judging by her delicate hands and slim
wrists, were not much developed. The
whipped scholar was a strapping, nifty boy,
and sixteen years old. Learning that the
punishment had been well deserved, the
Justice expressed admiration for Miss Pot-
tle's pluck, and discharged her.

A Story and a Story.
The following story was told by Mr.
Beecher in his sermon on a recent Sunday
morning:
"Tom was a strapping, healthy boy, with
a great appetite. He lived up in the moun-
tains among the charcoal burners until he
was nineteen. Then he went down into the
valley and hired out to a farmer. Tom was
a scullion and a drudge, and first along the
farmer hesitated to trust even the hogs to
his care. But there was a glimmering of
something in him that showed just a little
through his uncouthness. After a year or
two he became a full farm laborer—a broad-
shouldered, deep-chested, powerful fellow,
who made himself clumsily useful. Well,
about that time the farmer's daughter came
home from school. What a revelation she
was to Tom! He never knew until then
what it was to worship anything, nor how
awkward and coarse he was. He would have
given all he had, which wasn't much, to
learn how to get into a room without hitting
the door, or what to do with his hands, or
how to sit down right. He began to change
his clothes for better ones when he came in
from the day's work, and there was about
him the dawning of improvement. Finally
the great day came. He stood trembling
before the farmer's daughter, the hard word
was spoken, and she didn't repulse him. I
think there is nothing in the life of a man
which so rouses and stirs him as love. Tom
went to the wrestling matches, and what a
villain there was in him. He read, he went to
church, he wanted to see how people acted.
And when, after a good life, he grew to be
an old man and talked in a trembling voice
to his grandchildren, he used to say, "Oh,
what a wife she was to me! The world is
full of just such instances of blessed influ-
ence."
There is another story which forms a
proper pendant to this, and which Mr.
Beecher did not tell. It runs somewhat as
follows: Frederick B. at the age of twenty-
two graduated at one of New York schools
of medicine. His thesis was an elaborate
exposition of the Psychology of Galen, and
it attracted the marked attention not only
of his professors here, but of several of the
savants of the Old World, who predicted a
career for the brilliant young American.
He was the son of poor parents; from his
father he had received a warm emotional
heart, and from his mother a large forehead,
in which there was a memory for great ideas,
a disposition to analyze and to idealize, a
faith in the external principles, of *le vrai le
beau et le bien*, and a belief that all women
were *angels sent from Heaven*. At college
he had worked sixteen hours a day. He had
mastered his Homer and his Mill's Logic,
and, what was better, his scalpel and
his microscope. He was poor, he wore plain
clothes, had never been to a ball, rarely to
the theatre, and he scarcely knew what jew-
elry and fine furniture were. He knew more
of the dress of the women of Greece and
those of the Court of Louis XIV. than he
did of those in the next street. He had
two grand projects in his head; one was to
write a history of medicine; the other was
to reconcile by a new electric system all the
present chaotic and conflicting masses of
doctrine common to that unhappy science.
One day Frederic by accident saved the
life of a young girl in the park. She had a
pair of impure, slow moving, brown eyes,
and a face like the Lake of Como. When
he went to bed that night he said his pray-
ers for her instead of to Galen and his old
Greek heroes. Don't blame him; he had
been taught that woman was divine, and
the source of all inspiration; he was weak
and worn with hard mental labor, which
costs so fearfully, and he needed inspiration;
and, besides, he had read the "Lady of
Lyons." He named his darling angel
Beatrice, and dedicated in prospect his
great work, the "Philosophical History of
Medicine," to her. It should, like the
"Divina Commedia," be the monument of
its age. Two weeks after this his angel
ridged his hat, and he went and bought
another; boots, vest, and shirt-cuffs followed.
In one year he had come to the point of
wearing for her sake a different colored
necktie every day.
In two years more he had stored up in his
head two hundred names and ideas referring
to jewelry, two thousand belonging to la-
dies' wearing-apparel, three thousand relat-
ing to his lady's boudoir; he knew all of Of-
fenbach's operas by heart, and the personal
history of every florist and French milliner
in the city. More than this, he had married
his angel and had become the proprietor of a
patent medicine, the "Eradicator of the
Root of All Disease," as his degenerate
though still noble brain, with a great lie,
christened it. He did not give up for an
instant his grand intellectual plans; he was
only working them out under the inspiration
of his angel. "One must not forget the
amenities and pleasures of life," she said.
"A man must first of all be a gentleman, ele-
gant, tender, generous, and rich." Unfor-
tunately for his angel, Frederic did not,
during the next ten years, acquire even the
last of those requisites; he was not always
kind, used to lock himself up evenings and
vainly try to redeem the time he had
lost in reviewing his old trusting friend Ga-
len. So she obtained a divorce from him,
and went to New Orleans with a man ten
years his junior. Strange to say Frederic
was not unhappy at the thought of his past
life; it was only that his head felt dull and
indolent; the past seemed a dream. He be-
came a druggist's clerk, and married the
druggist's fat daughter and had five chil-

dren, three of whom became mechanics, and
the other two day laborers.
To the moral of Mr. Beecher's story we
venture to make an addition.
To the man of dull brains as the world
stands to-day woman is a blessing; to the
man of superior intelligence she is *not at all*.
Heaven forbid that we should put it
more strongly!—N. Y. Graphic.

Singular Phenomenon.
Paducah is ten miles on an air line from
Metropolis, and the bend in the river be-
tween the places makes it impossible to see
any one of those places from the other. Yet
the people of Metropolis saw Paducah
very distinctly the other day, if the follow-
ing from the Metropolis Journal of last week
may be relied upon: "A most remarkable
phenomenon was witnessed yesterday morn-
ing by some of the citizens of this place.
Directly after sunrise a dark bank of clouds
lay close to the horizon in the direction of
Paducah, and just above this dark bank
blue sky, the city of Paducah appeared,
with all its spires, houses, streets, wharves,
ke., clearly visible. The mirage appeared
about forty degrees above the horizon. At
the time the beholder could see three steam-
boats at the wharf, the Tennessee River,
the tow-heads, and in fact the entire city,
all appearing as natural as life, except
that everything appeared magnified to twice
the natural size. A gentleman who came
down on the Fisk verified the appearance
so far as the steamboats were concerned."

How to Keep a Situation.
An observing correspondent in the *West-
ern Ruralist* gives the following hints on the
above subjects:
Be ready to throw in an odd half hour or
an hour's time when it will be an accommo-
dation, and don't seem to make a merit of
it. Do it heartily. Though not a word
be said, your employer will make a note of
it. Make yourself indispensable to him,
and he will lose many of the opposite kind
before he will part with you.
Those young men who watch the clock to
see the very second their working hour is
up—who leave no matter what state the
work may be in, at precisely the instant—who
submit the *raison d'être* of their existence
to their employer's good-will—will always be the
first to receive notice, when times are dull,
that their services are no longer required.

No matter how intimate you may be with
the friend with whom you have business
transactions, put your agreement in writing.
How many misunderstandings arise from the
loose way in which business matters are
talked over, and when each party puts his
own construction, the matter is dismissed
by each party with the words "All right,
all right." Frequently it turns out all wrong,
and becomes a question for the lawyers and
the court. More than three-fourths of the
litigations of the country would be saved if
people would only put their agreements in
writing, and sign their names to it. Each
word in our language has its peculiar mean-
ing, and memory may, by the change in a
sentence, convey an entirely different idea
from that intended. When once reduced to
writing, ideas are fixed, and expensive
lawsuits are avoided.

How frequently is the honesty and integ-
rity of a man disposed of by a smile or a
shrug—how many good and generous ac-
tions have been sunk into oblivion, by a
distrustful look, or stamped with the im-
putation of proceeding from bad motives, by a
mysterious and seasonable whisper.

If you have great talents, industry will
improve them; if moderate abilities, industry
will supply their deficiency. Nothing is
denied to well-directed labor; nothing is
ever to be attained without it.

It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate;
and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an in-
strument of happiness. Beasts can weep
when they suffer, but they cannot laugh.

There was never any party, faction, sect,
or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ig-
norant were not the most violent; for a bee
is not a busier animal than a blockhead.

A man has no more right to say an un-
civil thing than to act one; no more right
to say a rude thing to another than to knock
him down.

A good jest in time of misfortune, is food
and drink. It is strength to the arm, diges-
tion to the stomach, and courage to the
heart.

Jesus Christ is a God to whom we can ap-
proach without pride, and before whom we
may abase ourselves without despair.

The wise carry their knowledge, as they do
their watches, not for display, but for their
own use.

Christianity commands us to pass by in-
juries; policy, to let them pass by us.

He that refaseth instruction, despiseth
his own soul.

Social Evolution.
Whatever may be thought of the rights or
the wrongs of women, there is no question
that they have a wonderful amount of vital-
ity, and are exhibiting it in striking and novel
ways. Fifty years ago the life of woman
was almost entirely domestic and private.
They were wives, mothers, daughters, ser-
vants. They visited and received visits.
They went to church, and sometimes to con-
certs and places of amusement. They trav-
eled but little and they wrote less, but took
no part in public affairs in any noticeable
way. The odium that attached to the few
women who took an active part in the anti-
slavery movement in the early stages of that
historic controversy was the natural expres-
sion of the prejudice of society against any
departure from the traditional ways and oc-
cupations of the sex.

The evolution of society is strikingly
shown by the altered position of woman and
the enlarged sphere of her activities. She
is everywhere. It is easier to designate the
few posts she does not occupy than the po-
sitions she has gained. Most of the trades
and businesses are open to her. It is esti-
mated that over forty thousand women are
engaged in different mechanical and mer-
cantile callings in New York city alone.
There are more girls than boys in our
schools, and they are confessedly the better
pupils. The schools and colleges for girls
and young ladies have increased and im-
proved more than those for the other sex within
ten years. More than a dozen colleges have
opened their doors and invited young wo-
men to share their advantages with young
men. Our most popular novelists are wo-
men, and nearly as many women as men
live by literary labor. Women are among
our most popular readers and lecturers, and
a few have won a respectable position in the
pulpit. The departments at Washington are
full of women clerks, and in several States
women have been elected to places on the
School Board. In the charities of our time
they take a conspicuous and active part, and
but for their tireless industry and con-
stant enthusiasm many of our best charities
would fail. They make our hospitals home-
like by the taste and tenderness and un-
wearying patience of devotion, and in medical
practice have gained a foothold which
is permanent.

As they are pre-eminent, and they are the
life of the churches and Sunday-schools.
Clergymen of all denominations confess
their dependence upon the women in their
congregations for the needed seconding of
their efforts. The great revival which is
stirring a Western city to its depths is the
work of a woman, and the new crusade
against intemperance was begun by women,
and has won its victories thus far through
their prayers and exertions. This wonder-
ful evolution of society deserves study. It
means something more than the mere break-
ing away from established precedents and a
time-honored routine. It indicates a new
development of humanity under the influ-
ence and institutions of our democratic civi-
lization. It would seem that society does
not move altogether simultaneously, but
half at a time, and the vitality of our age is
most strikingly shown in the evolution of
the feminine half. It is no irruption of the
Amazon, but a new development of the race.
Woman must take her place by the side of
man, to share his responsibilities and
strengthen him for his work, and unite with
him in building the home, the school and
the civilization of the future.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Take common starch
and grind it with a knife until reduced to
the smoothest powder, put it in a clean tin
box, so as to have it continually at hand for
use. Then, every time that the hands are
taken from the suds or dish water, wipe
them thoroughly in clear water, whip them
and while they are yet damp rub a pinch of
the starch thoroughly over them, covering
the whole surface. The effect is magical.
The rough, smarting skin is cooled, smooth-
ed and healed, bringing and insuring the
greatest degree of comfort from this by no
means insignificant annoyance.

A Trenton belle while purchasing some
goods of a dashing young clerk recently
made some remark that implied doubt of
his muscular ability, and was promptly
challenged to a trial of strength. The
young lady accepted the banter and stepped
out into the street, and was followed by the
clerk, who did not believe that the challeng-
ed party was in earnest. The moment the
young man cleared the sidewalk he was
grasped by the lady, and a vigorous tussle
followed. In defence the clerk exerted all
his strength, but was thrown to the ground,
where, with his head in chancery, he got
his face nicely washed with snow.

They tell a story in Colorado of a foolish
young fellow who made a bet that he would
lasso a grizzly and bring him into camp. He
made the experiment, and slipped a good
noose over Mr. Grizzly, but the latter set
down upon his haunches very coolly and
commenced handling in on the line. In vain
the horse struggled—the power at the other
end was irresistible; but, fortunately, the
brat broke and the rash young man escap-
ed with his life.

